

Warm

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Warm by ullfloattoo

Category: IT (2017)

Genre: Angst, M/M, Pining, RIP me, bev gets in the way, bill is oblivious, but its there, luv u bev, stan just wants to be luvd, um this fic is a direct representation about how i feel about R, very subtle mention of eddie/richie

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Bill Denbrough & Stanley Uris, Bill Denbrough/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/St Stanley Uris

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Summary:

Stan feels warm when hes around Bill. He's got a crush. A heart wrenching, stomach churning, hands trembling crush.

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aka a quick drabble about these two bc my heart HURTS

Warm

Author's Note:

this is from my notes i wrote this in 10 mins pls dont slander me but leave comments??????

Stan's got a crush. A heart wrenching, stomach churning, hands trembling crush.

At first, it seemed like an intense want to *be* him, rather than be with him. Stan admired his beautiful eyes, and kitten pink lips from afar and would think *Why can't that be me?* Bill was so precious, stutter and all. His persistence to look for his brother, frayed jean shorts, and his love for comradeship. All of these things added up to what made Stan feel weak every single day that summer.

He tried to imagine what life would be like if he was Bill. Every night, he would be greeted to a sorrowful, empty house. Goodbye Yamaka, goodbye freshly ironed collard shirt. These things made him sad. He loved the safety of the church, you know, when there weren't personified paintings trying to murder him. He loved the crispness of his khaki shorts and dress shirts. It was *right*. Living Bills life wasn't.

It all made sense when he touched him, exiting school early that June, a soft accidental graze over his wrist, as Bill muttered a promise to meet him and the rest of the guys the following day. It was like all of the nerves in his body were hyper aware of it, all other functions shut down, and all he could feel was warm. there was a Warm around his temples, his toes, his chest, his heart, his spine, as his body realized something. Something that didn't end in admiration, something that was much deeper than that.

And the Warmth lasted all summer around Bill, as if the boy himself was some sort of heater. If he got too close he got all clammy and hot. Too far away and he got cold, and a deep ache in his heart that hurt so *fucking* bad he ripped Eddie's fanny pack off him and stole an orange bottle, took a couple white 'gazebos', forcing himself to thinking that it would cure him.

That brings the story to now. Where everything is calm. Well, as calm as it can be in Derry. There aren't any walking infections, murderous bullies, and Its.

And there's no Bill.

Its Beverly and Bill. They're together now. A strange part of him wishes that their hauntings never ended. That the boys were plagued by fear and constant adventure. Things are different now. Bill's got a girlfriend. Richie and Eddie are acting weird, especially around each other. Derry is quiet. Freshman year is around the corner and Mike's off to homeschool again. Ben is Ben, at least. They don't have much of a connection.

Stan is just, alone.

It's sad. All he does is hang around his dad after school to worship his pain away. He drags his feet into Bio every day and wants to rip his heart out because Bill and Bev are lab partners across the room.

It's for the best, it's a disgusting sin anyways. God's protecting him.

He can't blame him. She's an angel. If it weren't for Bill, maybe he could see himself lusting after her. She's beautiful, smart, brave, funny.

It's not like Bill's *completely* gone nowadays. Stan knows he's exaggerating. They go to the arcade and bowling alley without her sometimes. It's good. They talk. Like they used to, but different. He can't help but overanalyze every single thing that happens between them. Sunday, Bill gave him his last quarter. Last Friday, they both peered over Ben's porno mags in fascination. Today, he brought him a snickers bar at lunch, "F-F-For you." He said, sliding it over.

For you, Stan hated that. It was so casual.

His vision went hazy, as a chorus of "What the Fuck"'s emerged from Richie and Eddie beside him. Stan smiled and took the candy. His eyebrows knitted together before he unwrapped it. He turned to Bill, "But, why?"

He stopped talking to Beverly, turned toward him and shrugged it off,

like it was nothing.

Maybe Bill sensed that Stan was dying over him, brought the candy bar to pacify him for the time being. *Here, take this and stop looking at me like I just ran you over with a truck.*

The guy single handedly controlled his entire fucking life.

Stan wanted to kiss him, didn't matter how or where, kiss him on the top of his head, his cheek, neck, kiss his tears, chaste on the mouth, maybe massage their tongues together. Stan liked the idea of kissing the inside of his wrists, where the Warmth started a few months ago and consumed him.

He reluctantly took a bite.

It was going to be a tough year.

Author's Note:

okay so i love hurt stan tm so this may be a series of random points in their friendship/relationship lemme know if i should cont.